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DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



LEONARD
WILLIAMSON

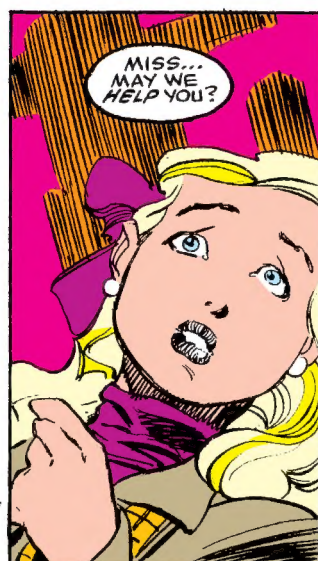
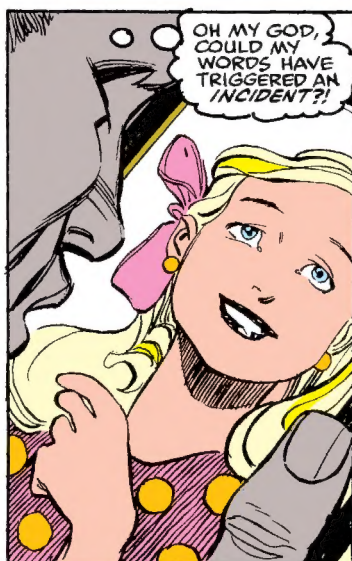
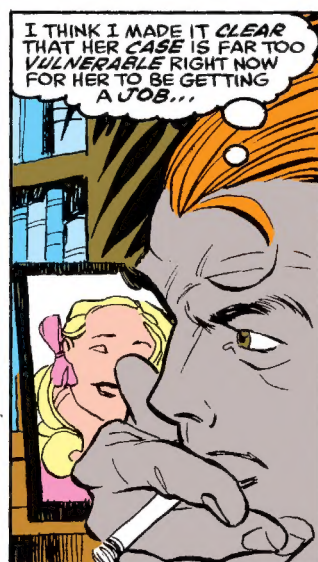
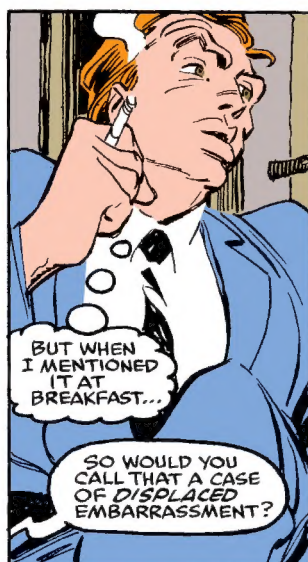
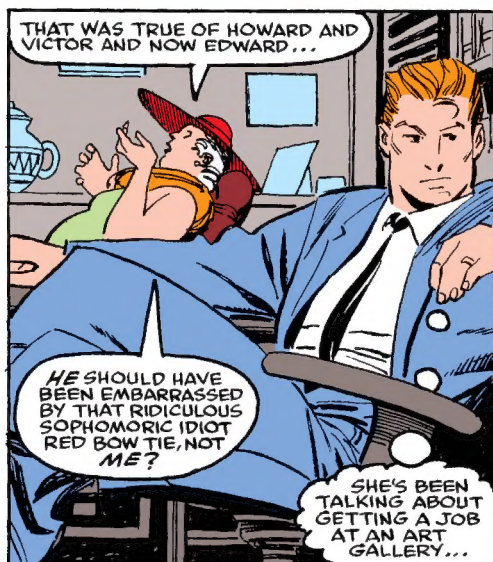
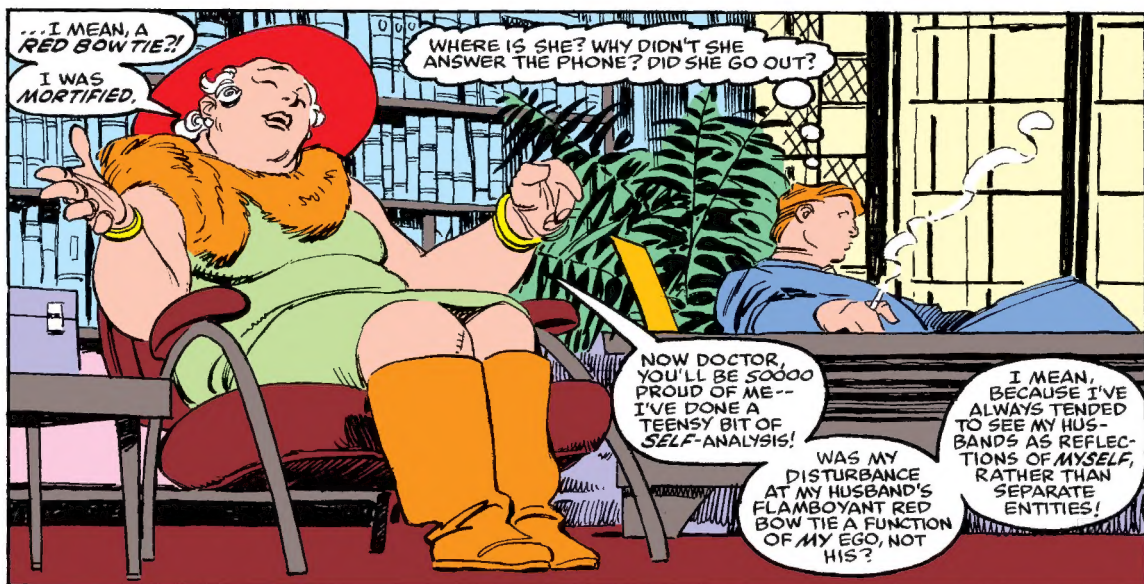
MAY WE
HELP YOU?

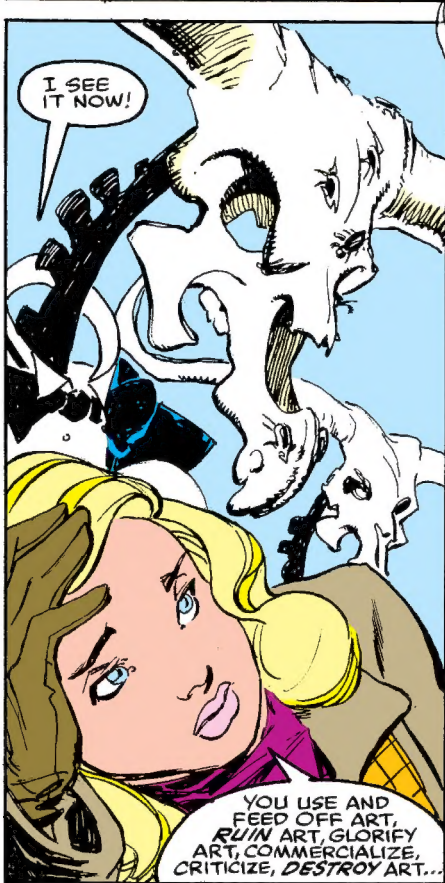
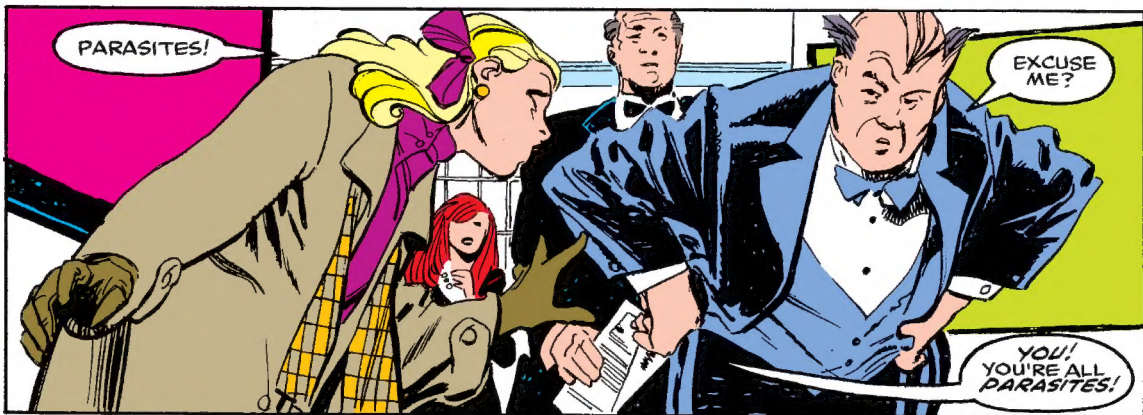
Stan Lee
PRESENTS

OF CROWNS and HORNS

THIS VERY SPECIAL
LITTLE TALE OCCURS
PRIOR TO D.D.'S
RECENT DEPARTURE
FROM NEW YORK.
-RALF

ANN NOCENTI RICK LEONARDI AL WILLIAMSON JOE ROSEN MAX SCHEELE RALPH MACCHIO TOM DEFALCO
WRITER PENCILER INKER LETTERS COLORS EDITOR EDITOR IN CHIEF

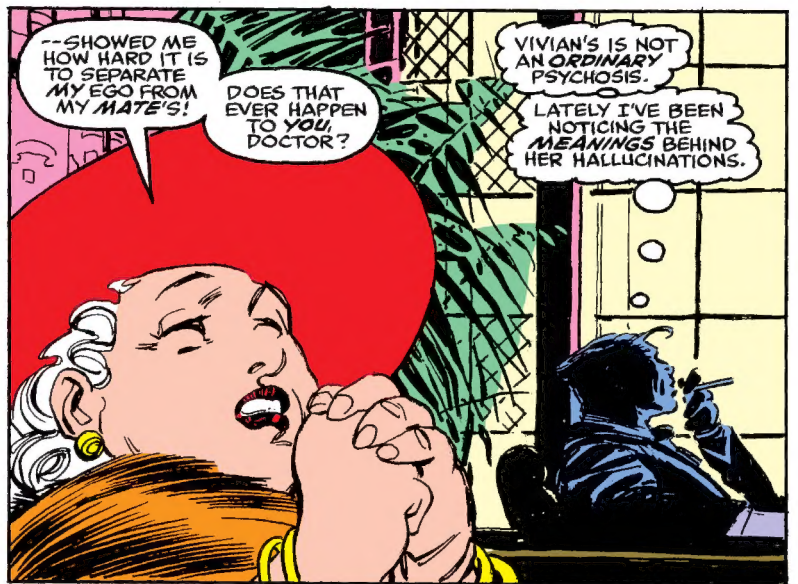






AM I MISSING AN INCIDENT, RIGHT NOW?
IT'S SO IMPORTANT THAT I RECORD THE EPISODES!

THE BOW TIE EPISODE, AS I CALL IT NOW--



--SHOWED ME HOW HARD IT IS TO SEPARATE MY EGO FROM MY MATE'S!
DOES THAT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU, DOCTOR?

VIVIAN'S IS NOT AN ORDINARY PSYCHOSIS.
LATELY I'VE BEEN NOTICING THE MEANINGS BEHIND HER HALLUCINATIONS.



SHE SEEMS TO STRIP THE WORLD, PEEL THE SKIN BACK AND SEE SOME DEEPER, VISIONARY TRUTH.

EVERY TIME EDWARD TELLS A STUPID, DIRTY JOKE OR SNORTS WHEN HE LAUGHS...



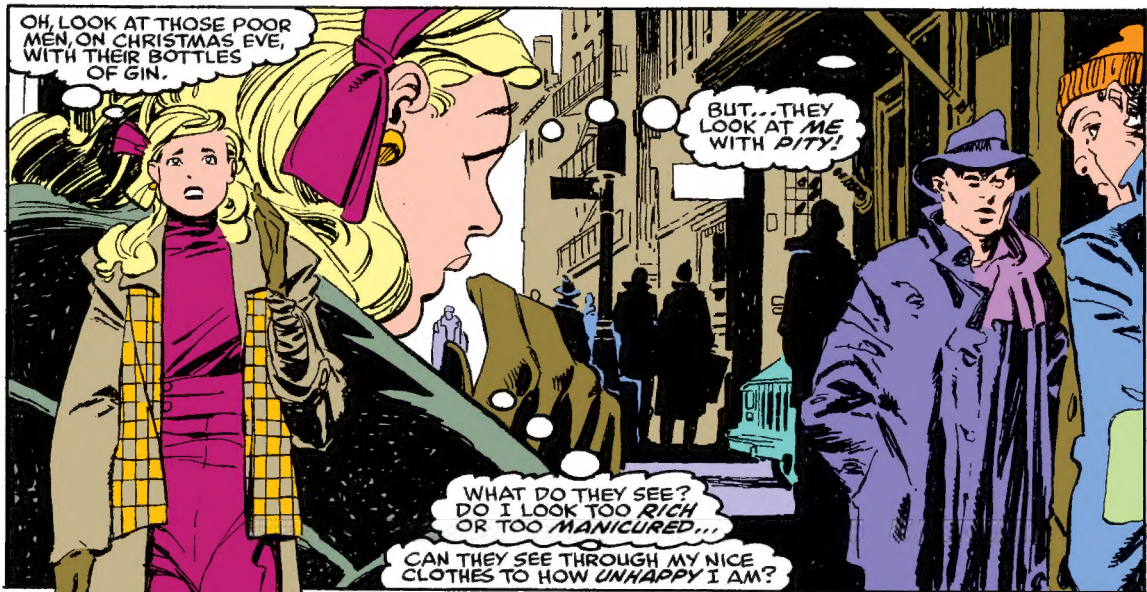
...I SIMPLY CRINGE AS IF I'VE TOLD THE STUPID JOKE AND SNORTED!

WHERE IS SHE? WHY ISN'T SHE HOME...
OH, OF COURSE!



TOMORROW'S CHRISTMAS, SHE'S SHOPPING FOR ME!

MY DARLING, PROBABLY BUYING ME SOMETHING WONDERFUL...

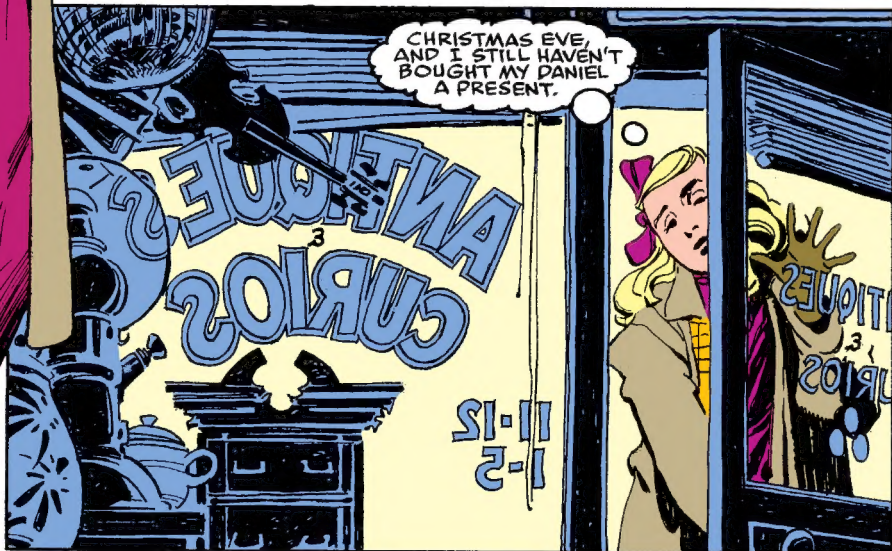


OH, LOOK AT THOSE POOR MEN, ON CHRISTMAS EVE, WITH THEIR BOTTLES OF GIN.

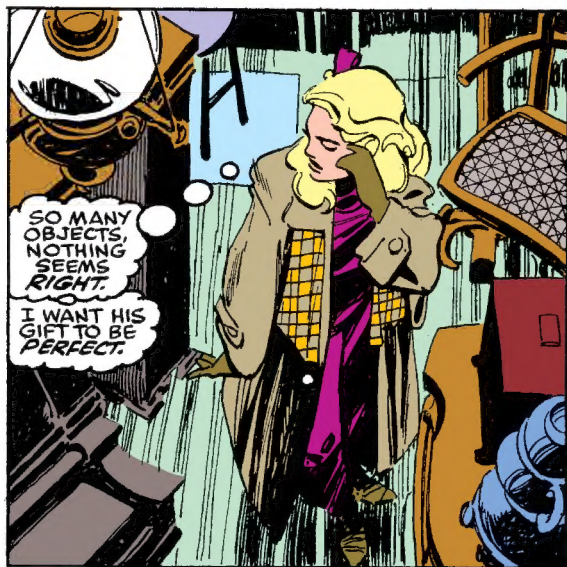
BUT...THEY LOOK AT ME WITH PITY!

WHAT DO THEY SEE? DO I LOOK TOO RICH OR TOO MANICURED...

CAN THEY SEE THROUGH MY NICE CLOTHES TO HOW UNHAPPY I AM?

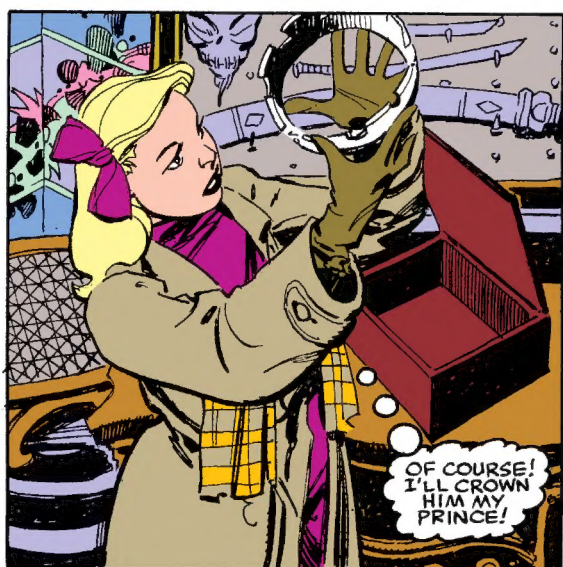


CHRISTMAS EVE AND I STILL HAVEN'T BOUGHT MY DANIEL A PRESENT.

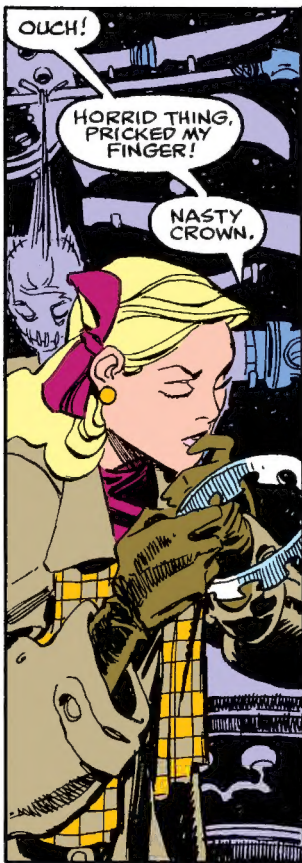


SO MANY OBJECTS, NOTHING SEEMS RIGHT.

I WANT HIS GIFT TO BE PERFECT.



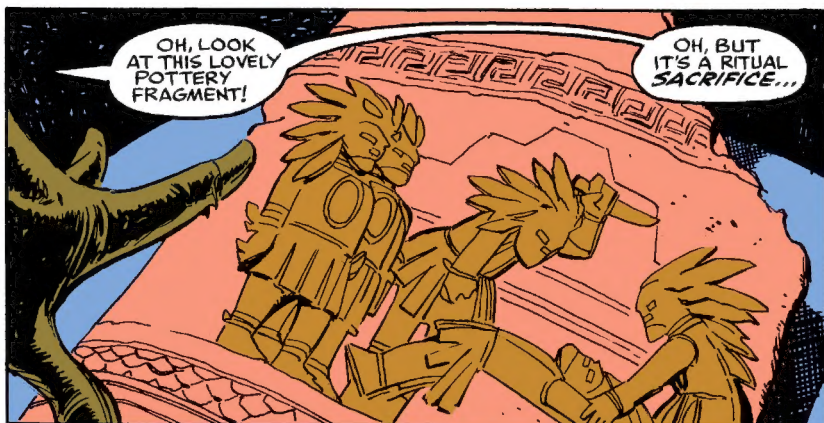
OF COURSE! I'LL CROWN HIM MY PRINCE!



OUCH!

HORRID THING,
PRICKED MY
FINGER!

NASTY
CROWN.

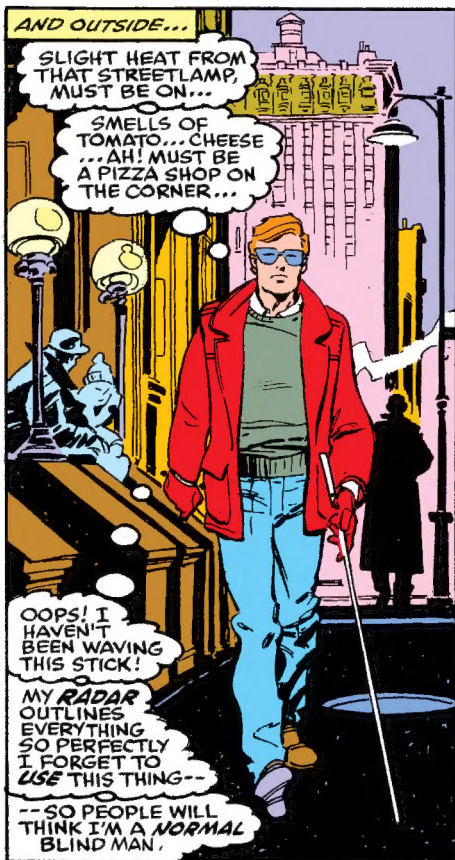


OH, LOOK
AT THIS LOVELY
POTTERY
FRAGMENT!

OH, BUT
IT'S A RITUAL
SACRIFICE...



DANIEL?!
IT'S DANIEL
AND ME--!



AND OUTSIDE...

SLIGHT HEAT FROM
THAT STREETLAMP,
MUST BE ON...

SMELLS OF
TOMATO... CHEESE
...AH! MUST BE
A PIZZA SHOP ON
THE CORNER...

OOOPS! I
HAVEN'T
BEEN WAVING
THIS STICK!

MY RADAR
OUTLINES
EVERYTHING
SO PERFECTLY
I FORGET TO
USE THIS THING--

-- SO PEOPLE WILL
THINK I'M A NORMAL
BLIND MAN.



CLINK CLINK
BLIND

THAT SOUND?
COINS IN
A CUP...
OUTLINE
OF A
SITTING
BEGGAR...
A CRIPPLE?



NO, HE FLINCHED AT THOSE
FOOTSTEPS, JUST LIKE A
BLIND MAN...

GOD
BLESS
YOU,
SIR!

GOD BLESS THE GOOD MEN
WITH EYES THAT HELP
LEAD THE BLIND...

